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## POETRY.

### DESERT GRIEF.

BY LUCY T. JOHNSON.

There are no dews in desert lands—  
No showers refresh their skies;  
But oft the winds sweep o'er their sands,  
And breathe their voiceless sighs  
Thro' depths profound, where naught hath  
been

To glad the ever wearied scene.

So weeps the soul in ripened years,  
Mid life's turmoil and grief;  
When the last fount of balmy tears  
Hath lent its last relief,  
And when the lips oft pour their  
sighs

O'er blighted hopes and broken ties.

Oh! in this world so full of tears,  
There is not one for me—  
The fountain of my early years,  
Of heavenly drops so free,  
Hath ceased to pour its natal  
dew

When cares oppress, or ills abide.

Where is the balm to Israel blest,  
That Gilead gave of yore!  
Can it not soothe the hearts to rest  
As it hath done before?  
Methinks I hear a voice doth  
say—

Pray thou, in fervent meekness pray,

'Tis done—that prayer was not in vain;  
Its incense reached to heaven;  
And sweet's the joy that springs again  
In chaste emotion given.  
Flow on, flow on, balmy  
tears,

As ye have flow'd in other years.

So falls the dew on desert sands,  
And showers refresh their skies,  
When from the founts of distant lands  
Some grateful mist may rise,  
And pour its fresh'ning breath at  
last

On all the melancholy waste.

Eliza Moor, September 1835.

### THE ROYAL FAMILY AT WINDSOR.

We take the following "Peep at Roy-  
alty from a visit to Windsor Castle," by  
Mrs. E. R. Steele, of New York, from  
the Ladies' Companion for May:

The most perfect of parks, is Windsor  
park, as we gaze upon it over the bat-  
lements of this charming walk. Soft-  
er than velvet is the bright green sward  
grouped with the finest designs are  
the copses and groves, and contrasted  
with the nicest care the different tints  
of the rich foliage around. Turning we  
look upon the magnificent east front of  
the Castle, supported by four square  
pillars, lighted with projecting bow  
windows of the Tudor style, and oriels  
decorated with beautiful tracery. Here  
is the dining, drawing, and private  
rooms of royalty. From the library in  
the centre, a door opens upon the terrace,  
on which a broad flight of steps leads  
down into the blooming garden, glow-  
ing with every shade, breathing per-  
fume, and decorated with statues of  
bronze and marble. If you would see  
the Queen, however, linger not to gaze  
at the noble tress of the park or the bril-  
liant garden; but pass along the terrace,  
and descend the steps, when you will  
find yourself before the grand entrance  
on the south front of the Castle. Then take  
your station among that crowd of men  
and women who line each side of the  
road which leads down to a gate at  
which the Home Park ends. Beyond that  
gate we see a straight road running  
through the Grand Park, gently rising  
for three miles, at the summit of which  
is an equestrian bronze statue of George  
the Fourth, by Westmacott. This noble avenue  
is lined with two rows of trees on each  
side, between which is a footpath.

The Grand Park contains about one  
thousand eight hundred acres, is stocked  
with fallow deer, and adorned with sev-  
eral pretty royal villas, and contains the  
famous lakelet of Virginia Water.  
Beyond this park are shades of Windsor  
forest. Look around at these noble  
parks, and up at the stately castle, at the  
grand gateway, with the towers of York  
and Lancaster on each side. You say if  
this and the magnificent the sights  
you have viewed with us be not a fitting  
preparation of your mind for the sight  
of the powerful Queen who rules over a  
sixth part of the human race, and upon  
whose dominions the sun never sets. The  
people are, some of them; very well

dressed, and are, many of them, strang-  
ers; but the greatest part are wives and  
daughters of the shopkeepers of London,  
adorned with gay silk dresses, bonnets  
covered with flowers and ribands of ev-  
ery different hue, with that taste for glar-  
ing color which characterizes a cockney  
lady. The people become fidgety, peep  
through the iron bars of the gate into  
the quadrangle, and question the scarlet-  
clad sentinels who are passing constant-  
ly before the entrance. At length a  
man appears; he unlocks the gate: we  
all form a line, and he passes along; en-  
treating us to stand back a little, and  
make a broader path, "as her Majesty  
rides a new horse, and is fearful he may  
injure some of the people." "Perhaps  
she is afraid some of her people may in-  
jure her," said a man at my side; and,  
as it was soon after the attempt upon  
her life by Bean, that might have been  
her idea.

The man retires and locks the gate—  
we all stand tiptoe, watching—now they  
are thrown open wide, and a young lady  
and gentleman quietly come forth on  
horseback. Their dresses were exact-  
ly as one would see on dozens of fair  
equestrians in London and New York.  
She wore a blue broadcloth habit with  
a small linen collar, and lead-colored kid  
gloves. Her hat was the usual riding  
hat of black beaver. His dress was the  
usual dress of a gentleman, and his hat  
was gray beaver, with a black crape  
band, in honor of the late Duke of Or-  
leans. These were the Queen of Eng-  
land and Prince Albert, her consort.  
Shade of Elizabeth! how would the ruff  
sink down with amazement, hadst thou  
beheld—thy descendant then! I, who  
had only read of Queens in books which  
tell of their grand doings and their gor-  
geous robes, was not quite prepared for  
this simplicity. Behind her rode the  
Prince and Princess of Liengen, simi-  
larly attired except that her hat wanted  
the short black feather which the Queen  
wore. A barouche, filled with four of  
the royal suite, and two outriders, com-  
pleted the cavalcade. Victoria is of  
middle size, and rather plump. Her hair  
is of a dark brown, plaited on each side,  
and tucked behind the ear. Her features  
are like the portraits we see of her—her  
eyes bright. She looked before her  
with a flushed and anxious air, and  
bowed slightly on each side, with a  
sweet but pensive smile, while the peo-  
ple around took off their hats and cour-  
tesied in silence.—Prince Albert raised  
his hat several times. It was expected  
she would have passed down the path,  
but pointing with her little hand to the  
left, an equerry rode forward—the line  
was broken, and the party trotted over  
the grass, much to the disappointment  
of the spectators below us. As they  
gravely walked over the grass I looked  
after them, and thought how much hap-  
pier and merrier a party would they  
have been if they had not been so exalt-  
ed in station. Alas! how sad a thing is  
royalty. What an infatuation to place  
one of our kind, inheriting all our pas-  
sions, and affections, and frailties, upon  
a pedestal where they must live the part  
and enact the scenes which are expect-  
ed of them, whatever the distaste, the  
joy, of the sorrow they may feel.

Domestic life is but a show; they  
must live in public—ay, live as it pleas-  
es the public, or they are rudely torn  
down from their high place, and given  
to woe and death, or banishment. As  
the royal children were also to be driv-  
en out, we lingered with the rest to see  
them; for a royal baby was a new sight  
to me. A barouche, with four horses  
and outriders, came from the gate, all  
the horses being singularly mottled with  
white spots. Upon the back seats  
were two ladies and the children. His  
Royal Highness, Albert, Prince of  
Wales, sat in his nurse's lap; his little  
bright eyes peering about with delight  
that he was to be taken a ride. His  
nurse held him up to the adoration of  
his future subjects; and he held up his  
head, as if he tried to look the prince.  
He wore a straw hat, the broad brim  
turned up in front, with a band of black  
crape. The Princess Royal seemed at  
a game of fisticuffs, as if fighting with  
her nurse for the parasol. Fie, what a  
naughty princess! Her frock was a  
white cambric, with a broad silk sash;  
and on her august head she wore a bon-  
net of white drawn silk. Upon the front  
seat rode the dowager Lady Littleton,  
head nurse. As the children take pre-  
cedence of this stately, rich-attired lady  
she sits in front. A stout, hale old fel-  
low near me seemed charmed with pug-

nacity of her royal highness Adelaide  
Louisa Victoria, and he swore she was  
a true child of John Bull. The people  
around all seemed charmed with their  
little masters and their beloved Queen.

## THE CHARM OF WOMAN.

There are many defects in the charac-  
ter, but beauty and gentle manners in  
the great estimate of women, go far to-  
wards supplying their want of energy,  
and even their want of heart.

It is as a wife that these defects ap-  
pear and grow upon the disappointed hus-  
band, like frightful figures exhibited by a  
magic lantern, increasing in hideous-  
ness as they increase in magnitude and  
distinctness. It is when the doating  
lover begins to suspect that the silent-  
ness is in reality the silence of the soul—  
the calm of imperturbable stagnation.  
when he discovers that he has devoted  
his first and best affections to a beauti-  
ful but marble statue; when he returns  
to his home, which ought to be 'an ever  
sunny place,' and finds nothing but the  
yawning vacancy of a cold and cheer-  
less void; when he pours his fresh warm  
feelings that burst in unstudied language  
from his burning lips, upon the stony  
surface of an insensible heart, and that  
heart a woman's! It is then that he sinks  
back repelled and blasted, as if the bloom-  
ing charms he once adored were ex-  
changed for deformity and horror.

Oh! it is by the secret fountain of ne-  
ver changing love—the well of inexhaus-  
tible refreshment in the desert—the rose  
that blooms forever beneath the sun-  
shine of one beloved eye—the voice that  
rises in continued strain of melody above  
all the discord of the world—the bird of  
beauty, whose faithful wing is never fold-  
ed save in its own sheltered nest—the  
pure unsullied stream, offering sweet-  
ness and balm in every bosom it meets,  
but reserving the full tide of its gladness  
for one—it is by such mystical symbols  
as these that we would describe the nat-  
ural, the distinctive, the holy charm of  
woman—not by her perfect form, her  
ruby lips, her sparklings eyes, or her  
silken tresses, whether they fall in raven  
messes over a marble brow, or glitter in  
the sunbeams like threads of waving  
gold.

*Signs of Rain.*—When the moon is of  
a pure silver color, good weather is indi-  
cated; but when it has a brown or ches-  
nut colored tint, rain may be expected.  
This is owing to the effect of the vapor  
in the atmosphere in refracting the  
moon's light. An erect moon is general-  
ly threatening and unfavorable, but par-  
ticularly denotes wind; though if she  
appears short and blunted horns, rain is  
rather to be expected. One of the surest  
indications of approaching rain, is the  
appearance of a halo round the sun or  
moon; (if in summer, rain; in winter,  
snow.) A red color of the western sky,  
at sunsets, especially when it has some-  
what of a purple hue, is a sign of good  
weather. The absence of vapors from  
the tops of lofty eminences is a very  
favorable omen, while the contrary is  
almost an invariable prognostic of rain.  
When the stars look dim, rain may be  
expected; and the rain which falls under  
such circumstances is gentle, and of long  
continuance, and often extends over a  
large tract of country.

*ATTEMPT TO MURDER A WIFE AND TO  
COMMIT SUICIDE.*—A Scotch laborer  
named David McKenzie, who occupied  
apartments with his wife and four chil-  
dren in the rear basement of a house in  
the 10th Avenue, near 16th streets re-  
turned home last Monday night between  
nine and ten o'clock, and seizing his wife,  
cut her throat, while the children slept  
in an adjoining room. The screams and  
cries of the wounded woman aroused  
Mr. Samuel Jackson, who kept a grocery  
overhead, who running down, met the  
woman coming out with her throat cut;  
bleeding profusely, and anxious for life.  
He entered to the rear basement with  
her, where he saw the husband standing  
on the floor with his throat cut, also  
bleeding freely; and when charged by his  
wife, he said he had cut her throat and  
done the same thing to himself. Watch-  
man West was called in, who took Mc-  
Kenzie to the watch house; on the way  
to which, the latter said he cut his wife's  
throat and his own too determining to die  
both together. Mr. Jackson sent immedi-  
ately for Dr. Catham, who came, found  
the wound in the woman's throat three  
and a half inches long and one half to  
three quarters of an inch in width which  
he sewed up and dressed, leaving her in

such an exhausted condition that her  
recovery is doubtful. She was a sober  
worthy, industrious woman, while her  
husband bore quite a different charac-  
ter, though sober at the time. Yesterday  
morning McKenzie was taken to the  
Upper Police and committed to answer,  
his wounds having been previously dress-  
ed. As Mr. Jackson could not find the  
instrument with which the wound was  
inflicted, officer J. S. Smith went to the  
residence of McKenzie yesterday  
morning, and found over the oven, in  
the room he had occupied, the bloody  
razor, with which the deed had been  
done, which he took to the upper office.  
[N. Y. Sun.]

*Late from Brazil.*—By the arrival at  
New York of the barque Hortensia from  
Rio de Janeiro, whence she sailed on  
the 27th of April, files of the "Jornal do  
Commercio" to the 24th of April have  
been received.

On the 19th of April the Baron Langs-  
dorff, Ambassador from the King of  
the French, had his formal reception by  
the Emperor, to ask the hand of the  
Princess Francesca carolina for the  
Prince de Joinville. The Emperor and  
the Princess both formally assented to  
the proposal of the Ambassador, and the  
marriage was to take place about the  
3d or 4th of May, when the Prince was  
to sail direct for France with his bride.  
The inhabitants of Rio were much  
pleased with the marriage. The Emperor  
had sent a frigate to Naples to bring  
home his Empress, the Neapolitan King's  
sister; she was looked for daily.

The advices received at Rio Janeiro  
from Montevideo were to the 15th of  
April. The town still maintained itself  
against the besiegers, and was expect-  
ed to hold out.

Admiral Brown took possession, on  
the 7th, of the island of Rafos, and at-  
tempted to obtain a quantity of powder  
that was stored there: but the English  
Commodore claimed it as British prop-  
erty, and Brown gave it up. He sailed  
on the 9th and returned on the 12th; but  
was off again on the 13th, being ordered  
away, it was said, by Commodore Pur-  
vis.

On the same day an English sloop of  
war and brig joined the Buenos Ayre-  
an squadron; and on the 14th the squad-  
ron appeared without colors flying,  
which seemed to indicate that it had  
been captured by the English. This  
was said to have been caused by Brown's  
overhauling an English brig from Mal-  
donado, and making her come to anchor.

The United States ship Columbus and  
schooner Enterprise arrived on the 22d  
of April off Montevideo.—*Picayune.*

*A SCENE, MOURNFUL BUT SUBLIME.*—One  
of the missionaries at the Sandwich Is-  
land, giving an account of the recent sei-  
zure of the islands by the British, states  
the following particulars of the last act  
in this affair, so disgraceful to the men  
by whom the surrender was basely  
compelled.

After the King had finally given his  
reluctant consent to the cession, nothing  
remained to be done but the signing of  
the papers.

"When this last act was to be perform-  
ed, an affecting scene occurred. The  
chiefs set silent for a season in sadness,  
struggling to suppress the emotions of  
their heaving breasts. One proposed  
prayer. They all kneeled down and  
prayed; and after the prayer was closed,  
they all remained kneeling for several  
minutes. After they arose, the King and  
premier stepped forward, and with ach-  
ing hearts ceded away their islands by  
subscribing the requisite proclamation."

If this act of the British officer is ap-  
proved by his Government, we trust  
that the historian, in recording the vic-  
tory of England over King Kamehame-  
ha, will not forget to write down the  
incident we have here related. A few  
years ago, this island King and his sub-  
jects were heathen. Under the influ-  
ence of Christianity, they have been  
raised to the enjoyments of liberty and  
civilization, and in the very infancy of  
their new existence, they are summoned  
to surrender their all to foreign masters  
at the month of the British cannon.—  
*New York Observer.*

*Jacob Ridgway* died lately in Philadel-  
phia, leaving an estate of three millions  
and a half of dollars. His heirs are a  
son and two married daughters. He  
made legacies of about \$50,000 to ser-  
vants and clerks in his employ.